THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 4, 1809.

FOR THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

CŒLEBS.

MR. EDITOR,

OF this celebrated novel (if novel it may be called) it is said, that the principal defect is a dearth of incident. But Mrs. More did not intend to address herself to the imagination, by a tale of adventures. The characters are sufficiently diversified, at the same time that they are ably supported, to excite a permanent interest. Those of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton (the former a dissipated man, inattentive to his domestic duties; the latter a suffering wife, and patient under her affliction,) are rendered more striking by the following incident.

"Mrs. Carlton frequently sat up late, reading such books as might qualify her for the education of her child, but always retired before she had reason to expect Mr. Carlton, lest he might construe it into upbraiding. One night, as he was not expected to come home at all, she sat later than usual, and had indulged herself with taking her child to pass the night in her bed. With her usual earnestness she knelt down, and offered up her devotions by her bed-side, and, in a manner particularly solemn and affecting, prayed for her husband. Her heart was deeply touched, and she dwelt on these petitions in a strain peculiarly fervent. She prayed for his welfare in both worlds, and earnestly implored that she might be made the humble instrument of his happiness. She meekly acknowledged her own many offences; of his she said nothing. Thinking herself secure from interruption, her petitions were uttered aloud; her

voice often faultering, and her eyes streaming with tears. Little did she suspect that the object of her prayers was within hearing of them. He had returned home unexpectedly, and coming softly into the room, heard her pious aspirations. He was inexpressibly affected; he wept, and sighed bitterly. The light from the candles on the table fell on the face of his sleeping infant, and on that of his weeping wife. It was too much for him; but he had not the virtuous courage to give way to his feelings; he had not the generosity to come forward and express the admiration he felt. He withdrew unperceived, and passed the remainder of the night in great perturbation of spirit. Shame, remorse, and confusion, raised such a conflict in his mind, as prevented him from closing his eyes; while she slept in quiet, and awoke in peace.

"The next morning, during a very short interview, he behaved to her with a kindness she had never before experienced. He had not resolution to breakfast with her, but promised, with affection in his words and manner, to return to dinner. The truth was, he never quitted home, but wandered about his woods to compose and strengthen his mind. This self-examination was the first he had practised; its effects were salutary.

"A day or two previous to this, they had dined at our house; he had always been much addicted to the pleasures of the table; he expressed high approbation of a particular dish, and mentioned again when he got home how much he liked it. The next morning Mrs. Carlton wrote to Lucilla to beg the receipt for making this ragout; and this day, when he returned from his solitary ramble and "compunctuous visitings," the favourite dish, most exquisitely dressed, was produced at his dinner. He thanked her for this obliging attention, and turning to the butler, directed him to tell the cook, that no dish was ever so well dressed. Mrs. Carlton blushed when the honest butler said, 'Sir, it was my mistress dressed it with her own hands, because she knew your honour was fond of it.' Tears of gratitude rushed into Carlton's eyes, and tears of joy overflowed those of the old domestic; when his master, rising from the table, tenderly embraced his wife, and declared he was unworthy of such a treasure. 'I have been guilty of a public wrong, Johnson,' said he to his servant, 'and my reparation shall be as public. I can never deserve her, but my life shall be spent in endeavouring to do so.' The little girl was brought in, and her presence seemed to cement this new-formed union. An augmented cheerfulness on the part of Mrs. Carlton invited an increased tenderness on that of her husband. He began every day to discover new excellencies in his wife, which he readily acknowledged to herself, and to the world. The conviction of her worth had gradually been producing esteem, now ripened into affection, and his affection for his

wife

wife was mingled with a blind sort of admiration of that piety which had produced such effects. He now began to think home the pleasantest place, and his wife the pleasantest companion."—Vol. I. p. 257-261.

In the mean time Mrs. More has been accused of methodism. But, if we except a few obscure passages that *seem* to savour more of the fanatic than of the sober Christian, the charge is, in my opinion, unfounded. Perhaps, what she says of sanctification is not the most intelligible part of the work. See vol. ii. p. 359, 360. In some places, she is too fond of the word, "*conversion*," which, she must be aware, has become of late the watch-word of the evangelical party. If by *conversion* she means *repentance*, why not use repentance? This latter word implies not only sorrow for sin, but reformation of manners in consequence of that sorrow. And they who truly repent of their former sins, have good reason to hope for salvation through the merits of Jesus Christ. That "innocence can afford no plea for our acceptance," is a point which our author is very much disposed to inculcate, throughout the volumes. But in one place we are told, and told very truly, "that innocence does not exist." What necessity, therefore, for so many pages, to prove that that cannot recommend us to the favour of God, which, she tells us, is a non-entity? It is the fashion, we allow, of the present age to reduce, too low, the conditions of Christian obedience; but, in order to render her book practically useful, Mrs. More should have taken care not to exalt them too high. With respect to her exemplification, we think her *Stanley's* have rather a forbidding aspect; and, we conceive, poor honest *Flam* is rendered much more attractive than discretion would have rendered it. It is a hazardous thing, we acknowledge, to trust to uncovenanted mercies. But who would condemn a Sir Roger de Coverley or a Flam (the more virtuous of the two) to the society of the Devil and his angels?—None but high Calvinists.

Your's faithfully,

P.

JOURNAL EXTRAORDINARY.

Mr. Editor,

YESTERDAY, taking my usual evening walk on Ramsgate Pier, I picked up a book, which, upon inspecting, I found to be the journal of some distinguished character recently returned from a trip with the expedition to Holland. Being to-

tally at a loss how to restore it to the owner, I have copied one page, which you will have the goodness to insert in your valuable publication, and thereby give an opportunity for the gallant writer to recover his valuable production, which the public must be anxious should meet the admiration of the world through the medium of the press, with all the ingenious gentleman's notes and illustrations. Should this attempt fail, further extracts shall be transmitted to your office for publication.

EXTRACT, PAGE 49.

FRIDAY, *five o'clock P.M.**—Ordered dinner to be served *speedy and soon*. All the drest turtle being swallowed yesterday, went to see the live one in his birth. He seemed uneasy; recollected that he was a *foreigner*, and might intend to desert to the enemy; had him placed in the bilboes for security.

* Note—*It is remarkable that the initials of post meridian should be a transposition of M.P. which stands for member of parliament.*

Half-past five.—Sat down to table with the lieutenant—beef tainted, *lobscous* fit only for sea monsters!—heard a firing from some point of the compass, went upon deck with the lieutenant, who asserted that it was the Dutch lord mayor and aldermen embarking at the *Brill* in their city schutes on an annual *swan hopping*—suspect he was hoaxing me—returned peaceably to my arm chair in the cabin to finish my *feast*—drank a bumper—grew witty—laughed heartily.

Seven o'clock.—Cloth removed, cursed the lieutenant for not saying grace with more sanctity—extremely warm. Wine *hot* as the D—l, took three bottles to *cool* me.

Nine o'clock.—Signal gun fired, snatched up my best *Dollond's* telescope, and again mounted the deck. Vessel *rolled* much—found by observation that I was above *half seas over*—involuntarily bore down to leeward, found that I had got upon the *wrong side* of the ship.

Half-past nine o'clock.—*Chinese pig* fell overboard. Mistook him in the sea for a *porpoise*.—Moon light.—Waves sublime, landscape beautiful, but wanted *trees*. Sailors sat singing on the forecastle—lubbers; *fleas* the only little *active* seamen on board, except myself.

Ten o'clock.—Loud firing again. Portsoken, our steward, flew up to me on the quarter-deck, his countenance indicating something terrible. "The firing," says he, "is like thunder, and it is as plain as the *grasshopper* upon the Royal Exchange, that all the *porter* will be *soured*." Considering well of what this intelligent man said,

said, found his reasoning infallible; for by the *rule of three*, if real thunder will give beer a *turn*, artificial thunder will certainly give it a *twist*. Knew not what to do. *Ned Nerveless*, of Milk-street, my surgeon, thought that I should send my best compliments to *our* admiral, and beg that the cannon might not make such an alarming noise.—"Nonsense! Shews what a whimpering son of a b— he is; no more heart than a biscuit. Never take him out again below *Blackwall*."—Resolved, at last, to keep aloof, and, as well as we can calculate, out of *souring* distance.

Half after ten o'clock.—Turned into my cot; muttered a short prayer; d—n—d the French; *un*-d—n—d the Dutch; fell asleep, and dreamt that *we* had conquered *Westphalia*, and that I was returning home in triumph, richly laden with *hams*.

Your's, &c.

BEN BOWLING.

Ramsgate, Thursday evening.

JOHN DE LANCASTER *and* AMELIA JONES,

A TALE.

(Continued from Page 687.)

THE order of our history requires us to attend upon the worthy grandfather of our hero to the death-bed of his daughter-in-law, who had expressed a wish to see him. She took his hand, and pressing it to her heart, said, "I thank you, Sir, for this and all the proofs of kindness, which you have uniformly been pleased to show me, though I am conscious it has never been my happy lot to contribute to your comforts, or to reflect either grace or ornament upon your family, even in the slightest degree. Of your son, my husband [Philip de Lancaster], I forbear to speak; when he took his departure, and left me on the plea of providing a retreat for me upon the continent, I was too well apprised of my situation not to know that we should meet no more, and under that impression I took leave of him for ever. I have given an heir to your name and family, for whose dear sake, from his birth to the present moment, my agitated heart, though I have laboured to appear composed, has secretly been racked with sad forebodings. I am a woman, Sir, and those presentiments, which your strong sense would spurn, sink deep in my weak mind"—

Here her speech failed her; her breath fluttered, and quitting the hand of De Lancaster, she snatched at the sheet as if convulsion

vulsion had began to seize her. Cecilia was at hand, but tears had furnished the relief which she was advancing to administer, and the subject, which this short alarm had interrupted, was resumed as followed:

"My seeming dereliction of that darling child must have degraded me in your opinion; you could not fail to think me void of those affections which are natural to a mother, and despise me for my seeming insensibility. Alas! how very different was the state of my too fond, too feeling heart! But there were reasons, over-ruling reasons—I cannot tell them now—They will come to your knowledge—Let the charge lie by 'till the defence can meet it. It would have blessed me to have seen my father; but he cannot come to me; and when I go to him, it will be only in my body's passage to its grave. He has kindly anticipated my wishes, by leaving my dear son sole heir of his estate. Though it is but little I have to devise, yet I have made a will; for so much in it as concerns my son, I trust he will fulfil the obligations I impose upon him. If he shall live to be of age, and you survive (which Heaven in mercy grant!) to see that day, all may be well; I leave him in your care; I have always done so; I have not made him that disgustful thing, a mother's favourite son. Ah! Sir, correct the errors of his youth, but control not the affections of his heart. If, overlooking rank and fortune, they should honourably and worthily be fixed on merit in obscurity, do not I implore you—it is my last and dying petition—do not oppose his choice. There is an humble being in the world, lovely and full of promise—Oh! if she should—if she should—"

Whilst these words were yet upon her lips, she sunk down upon her bed as one whose life had left her at that moment. Whilst Cecilia and the women in attendance were busied in assisting her, De Lancaster stood in deep and pensive meditation with his eyes fixed upon her pallid countenance, and as the tear dropt upon his aged cheek, he said to his daughter—

"Your endeavours to restore her will be fruitless; and, if an easy death is what we helpless mortals ought to wish for, 'tis hardly to be hoped you may."

This said, he withdrew, and turning into the gallery, discovered John alone, and called to him.

"John, I would speak to you,' said the old gentleman, and bidding him sit down, addressed him in these words—"Young as you are, you are not now to learn what a precarious tenure we frail mortals hold in any thing on this side death, to which we all must come."

"I understand you, Sir; you come to tell me of my mother's death."

"Not altogether so; but if I did, I can believe your excellent preceptor has prepared you to meet misfortune as becomes

you. Methinks you hardly can have glanced your eye upon a single page in any moral book, that does not give you lessons of that sort. Even your pagan poets, whilst with idle levity they counsel you to devote your time to pleasure, give you at least fair warning of its shortness."

"True, Sir, but we have better masters than they are, to whom we may apply. I am aware that there are no hopes for my poor mother; and it is nothing strange that she should die, who for years past can hardly have been said to live; but that my father, seeing her condition, could leave her almost in the article of death, is matter of astonishment to me."

"Such is his nature, John; and whether we must call it the defect of head or heart is more than I can tell. He is gone, however, whither I know not, and she, poor soul, who has known little happiness on earth, is going where alone it can be sought. Her last care was for you. Something there was, some wish that seemed to weigh upon her heart; but in her effort to express it, nature failed her, and she fainted."

"That—that indeed," cried John, "was most unfortunate. Did she let fall no words to guide conjecture?"

"Her words," De Lancaster replied, "I am perfect in—'There was an humble being in the world, lovely and full of promise—Oh, if she—if she should—' There she stopped."

"It is enough!" John cried, "I'll wait here with your leave 'till I am permitted to pay my last sad duty to a parent, whom I have known but at the close of life."

A signal now given by Cecilia summoned our young hero into his mother's chamber. A life passed without pleasure was now about to close in a death without pain. Though the power of speech was lost, her actions indicated that she possessed her senses to the last. In her expiring moments she had grasped the hand of her son so fast in her's, that it would have required a stronger effort than he was disposed to make for disengaging it from her hold, and it was not 'till several sad minutes had gone by, when the convulsive nerve relaxed, and the maternal pressure was no longer felt.

John now withdrew from this melancholy scene, and, retiring to his chamber, devoted himself for a while to solitary sorrow.

As the deceased had signified a wish to Cecilia, that her remains might be deposited in the family vault at Glen Morgan, orders were given to that effect. By what fit messenger to impart the mournful event to the good old man, who had now lost his only child, was matter of debate, 'till the Rev. Mr. Wilson offered himself for that errand; this being adjusted, he set out and was instructed to say that Mr. De Lancaster, with Cecilia, John, and Colonel Wilson, would accompany the hearse to the place of burial. Poor old Morgan, now perfectly disabled

disabled by the gout, received the intelligence, for which he was prepared, with becoming resignation, and a fitter person than Edward Wilson to reconcile him to that dispensation no where could be found.

"You see, Sir," said the old man to Wilson, "the miserable state I am in, and can witness how impossible it was for me to have paid the last sad duty of a father to my dying child. I ought not, and I will not lament that her exhausted spirit is at length released, for I know too well that existence has been burthensome to her, who is no more; but I must ever painfully reflect, that there was a period in her life, when, had she been open and sincere in her appeal, I think I was not capable of forcing her to marry against her inclination; no, let me hope I never was that tyrant—but alas! that time can never be recalled. She is dead, and he that was her choice is dead, and I that might and would have made them happy, still languish at the end of life, only to mourn their loss."

"Not so," said Wilson, "not exactly so; I have a precious relic in my care, that's worth your living for."

"That's true, that's true," cried Morgan. "Whilst my grandson John survives, De Lancaster and I, let death come when it will, may truly say—*Non toti morimur.*"

As the worthy old man emphatically dealt out this scrap of Latin, which Seneca and his memory had supplied him with, the animation it inspired was visible to Edward Wilson, who had kept his eyes upon him; one of those faint fleeting smiles with which even pain and sorrow will at times be seen to greet a cheering recollection, passed over his countenance, as he dwelt upon the thought of his beloved grandson, and Edward was not backward to prolong and heighten the consolatory impulse, by indulging him with various anecdotes to the honour of his pupil, and fixing his attention on a pleasant topic, which is a secret in the art of healing, that some practitioners either do not seem to know, or are not willing to make use of.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of KING's BENCH, Monday, July 3, 1809.

WRIGHT *against* WARDLE.

(Continued from Page 697.)

MRS. CLARKE further deposed, that it was some time before Colonel Wardle was prepared with the money;

he then brought me a bill, and told me that he had sent a gentleman to satisfy Mr. Wright's mind that he should have a proper bill; he named this gentleman, Colonel Glennie, of the engineers. Some time after this the bill was given. Colonel Wardle told me he would speak to a Mr. Illingworth, a wine-merchant, in Pall-Mall, for at that time it would be improper for his name to be seen. He told me that as the investigation against the duke of York was shortly to commence, it would be improper that his name should appear in any transactions with me.

The bill was dated on the 2d of January, and Colonel Wardle's motion against the duke was three weeks afterwards. He said he would send Mr. Illingworth to me; I was to talk over the bill with him, which I afterwards did. I told him it was to be for two months; he said he had prevailed upon Colonel Wardle to add another month. When I saw the colonel afterwards, he confirmed this. To prevent any suspicion, or any thing getting round to the public, Mr. Illingworth was to take a bill of me, which he told me at the same time was not worth having. This was a form to keep Colonel Wardle's name out; and so Mr. Illingworth understood it. I was acquainted with Colonel Wardle before I knew Major Dodd; it was at about the end of last autumn that I was first introduced to the colonel. I first saw him at my house in Bedford-place, in consequence of a letter from a person of the name of M'Callum introducing him to me. He came at about one o'clock in the afternoon, and remained 'till nearly dinner-time, six o'clock; and he has since told me, that Major Dodd was waiting for him all that time. I was rather fearful of doing what he wanted, with a person so little known as Colonel Wardle then was; and Major Dodd, whose name I had known before, was introduced to me as the colonel's friend.

About the end of November we went on a tour together, and were absent three or four days; Colonel Wardle, Colonel Glennie, Major Dodd, and I. A lady was going with me; but she put me off, and I was prevailed upon to go without her. I was at that time very much distressed for money, and was obliged to go. Colonel Wardle continued to visit me after this very often. I first heard of his objection to pay for the goods from Mr. Wright, not above a fortnight or three weeks ago, much about the time parliament was prorogued. The things were furnished entirely upon Colonel Wardle's credit. Before I went out of town, which I did, as I had too many friends about me, and the colonel wished to get me out of the way, I had money from him, 50l. on the very day before, to pay my household bills. My supplies were always from him; he used to lend me 50l. at a time. I did not understand I was ever to repay him.

The last time (continued Mrs. Clarke) that I called on Colonel Wardle, I called to tell him that I wanted money, however small the sum might be. He said that, as the investigation was so near at hand, and his negociation with the witness was settled, and every thing finally concluded, he could not communicate with me; but he would send me some money, and nothing was to be said about it. This precaution was taken because the witness had been asked in the house of commons if she had any expectation of receiving money from the defendant. There did consequently come a 50l. checque, signed by Mr. Scott, an army clothier, who had assisted in the investigation.

I beg to mention one thing more. Colonel Wardle sent me a subpœna on Saturday last by his attorney, Mr. Corfield, who told me the colonel was very desirous of referring this matter to arbitration. The attorney added, that the colonel was a very honest man, and that he, the attorney, had brought him in for Oakhampton. There was nothing Colonel Wardle would not do to compromise the matter; if it were brought into court, the colonel would ruin me completely, for Mr. Serjeant Best would cross-examine me very severely, and the colonel would give it out in the country, that I was bribed to give the testimony I have given.

Mr. Daniel Wright, brother to the plaintiff, was next examined. He said "Colonel Wardle, accompanied by Mrs. Clarke, came to my brother's warehouse, and my brother being ill at that time, I attended on him; Major Dodd, a gentleman, and friend of all parties, was with them. On this occasion, Mrs. Clarke and Colonel Wardle came together, for the purpose of ordering the furniture which was wanted by Mrs. Clarke, and which Colonel Wardle purchased on that occasion. Mrs. Clarke presented Colonel Wardle to me, and was the person who looked out the articles which were wanted; and Mrs. Clarke presented me as the person who was to furnish her house; and this she stated to me in the presence of Colonel Wardle. He assented to this representation made of him by Mrs. Clarke in my presence; and all this in the warehouse. I then told Mrs. Clarke that Mr. Wright himself was ill, but that she might see him up stairs; and she afterwards did see him in the presence of his wife. I had informed my brother of the terms on which he was to supply this furniture, of which she had previously informed him that she had a friend to answer for it."

Mr. D. Wright also said, many of the goods were sent in before his brother or himself had seen Colonel Wardle, and amongst the rest the goods sent in on hire, but they were afterwards sent in again on the account of Colonel Wardle.

DEFENCE.

DEFENCE.

Mr. Serjeant Best.

Gentlemen of the Jury,

I do not believe that a more infamous case was ever presented to a British jury; and I am persuaded that I need dwell very little on it, to induce you to do it that ample justice, to dismiss it with that full contempt, which such a case merits. Gentlemen of the jury, it is not a case which requires any detailed defence; there is nothing in it which can puzzle either you or me. To me, at least, it appears most plainly, that this case, in all its parts, is a trumped-up business, in order to fix Colonel Wardle with the payment of money which he has no obligation to pay, either in law, in honour, or in conscience. Colonel Wardle, gentlemen, is a man of high honour and integrity. He has that sense of justice, of honour, and of equity, that if there were the most shallow plea for this demand—if there were the slightest ground for it—if the plaintiff, even under a reasonable error, had been misled into the belief that Mr. Wardle was his debtor, and that to him he was to look for his money; under any of these circumstances, I am persuaded that Mr. Wardle would never have suffered this business to come into court.

You have been told by one of the witnesses, that Mr. Wardle wished to compromise the business, and the inference which that witness, of whom I shall speak more largely presently,—but the inference which that witness intended you to deduce, was, that Colonel Wardle acknowledged thereby the justice of the demand; that he was afraid to come into court, and wished to settle the matter amicably. Colonel Wardle, gentlemen of the jury, did wish to settle the matter, but he wished to settle it justly, and therefore to have it referred to those who would have decided as justly as this court. But how is such a reference any implied acknowledgment of the justice of this demand, or of any part of it? Are not matters of demand referred every day, in which the judgment of the arbitrator is, that there is no possible plea or excuse, or pretext for such demand, and that the plaintiff shall pay all costs? Surely such a reference is any thing but an implied acknowledgement.

This case, however, is said to rest on evidence, and this evidence you have heard.

What kind of evidence it is, I am sure, that I need not say. Gentlemen of the jury, I will not hesitate to say, that a more infamous evidence never entered into a court of justice; and I am persuaded that you are of the same opinion. In our daily and hourly practice in these courts, every possible character

comes before us—but a character like this woman—such a tremendous mixture of knavery and cunning—such an hypocritical candour—such a mischievous and artful simplicity; gentlemen of the jury, my hair is only on its ends, whilst I reflect upon this Millwood in real life. No picture even of our best dramatists can come up to this phenomenon of art—of mischief—of atrocious want of all natural feeling.

If Mrs. Clarke, the witness in this case, did not merit what I have said, the learned counsel on the other side might stop me, and the court would protect the witness. But no, gentlemen of the jury, the court is too well acquainted with the character of this woman, to deem that she merits its interposition. If Colonel Wardle be well known, Mrs. Clarke is likewise well known; she is known to the court, and I hope by this time she is equally well known to you. She is known as an instrument—I will say no more upon this head, for I do not conceive it belongs to us to enter into what passed in another place—let us be contented to judge her by her evidence—let her there stand or fall.

One observation, however, I cannot resist making. Mrs. Clarke, I will venture to say, has exhibited so much of herself in this trial, that if this business had preceded the investigation in parliament, not a single member in the house of commons but would have rejected her evidence, as totally unworthy of credit—not one but would have almost clamoured out, even at her being produced as a witness. What she wanted in infamy before, she has now made up—she has filled her measure of impudence and falsehood to the very brim. She has now a reputation which of itself is enough to condemn any future testimony unheard. I hope that we shall never find any case in which this woman is brought forward. Gentlemen of the jury, I want words to express the abhorrence in which I hold her. I do really conceive, that a woman more purely and entirely wicked, more pregnant with all principles of baseness, and more divested of all elements of good, does not exist. If you, gentlemen of the jury, can give credit to such a witness as this, you will astonish me.

Gentlemen of the jury, it may be, and it certainly is irregular, to refer to any thing which has passed in another place; but is there not something in this business, which must very strongly call to your mind what passed some time since in another place? Gentlemen, for the cause of justice, I really do regret that this business did not precede the enquiry before the house. I do think that, under such circumstances, that enquiry would have had a very different result; I do think, that the house of commons would then have come to some decided conclusion as to the character of the witness, and would have

determined

determined that such a witness was not to be believed—no, not on her oath.

Mr. Daniel Wright is called after Mrs. Clarke is disposed of; but how does the testimony of this young man agree with that of Mrs. Clarke? I do not, indeed, intend to object any thing against this witness; he gives his testimony, as far as it goes, like an honest man, but certainly with a bias in favour of his brother. This bias, which almost induces a suspicion of partnership, must proportionably deteriorate his testimony; he may speak favourably for his brother, even in despite of himself. Under these circumstances, even his evidence is to be received with caution. He differs very considerably from Mrs. Clarke. They differ as to the 200l. worth of furniture on hire. One said that it was taken back; the other said it was passed to the defendant's credit. This was clearly within the statute of frauds, and the promise should have been in writing. With these contradictions, I must call upon the jury to reject all the testimony of Mrs. Clarke, and of Wright also. There was good reason why the plaintiff should trust Mrs. Clarke, because she was 600l. in his debt, and he knew her intriguing spirit, and thought it better to trust her with goods to enable her to keep up appearances, than to let her sink into insignificance, by which means he would lose his money. The insurance of the goods shewed that he looked to Mrs. Clarke as his security. As for Mrs. Clarke, she was a woman whom nobody ought to believe. She was the most artful inventor of a fictitious tale that ever appeared. As to Major Dodd, he could not call him, because he did not believe he was present. In this case Colonel Wardle's honour was at stake; for Mrs. Clarke wished to be understood, that all this furniture was given as a bribe for her to appear in the house of commons. The jury would surely not invade both his property and his honour, upon the testimony of a woman who could be believed in no court of justice. If I could judge of Colonel Wardle by my own feelings, I am sure, after the exhibition she had made to day, it was impossible, that had that happened before the motion against the duke of York, he himself could have attached any credit to her testimony.

Lord Ellenborough.—Gentlemen of the jury, the case has been so fully stated by the counsel, and been so detailed in the evidence, that I have little more than to read out my notes.

His lordship accordingly repeated almost verbatim what was said by the evidence; after which the jury withdrew.

They returned into court after an absence of about two hours. Verdict for the plaintiff, for all the upholstery goods, deducting all other charges for carpenters, smiths'-work, painters, glaziers, &c. and for insurance, which the plaintiff had effected; and also deducting the 200l. charged for goods sent on hire,

but

but contended to have been sold afterwards to Mr. Wardle from Mrs. Clarke.

Brief Description of Zealand, and the other Places against which the present British Expedition is directed.

ZEALAND, a province in Holland, consists of islands formed by the outlets of the Scheldt. In the whole province are 121 towns and villages, some of which are very large. The islands of Walcheren and Schowen, on the western coasts, are defended against the violence of the sea, by downs or sand-hills, and on the other sides, like the rest of the islands, by vast dykes, which, at the bottom, have a breadth of 25 German ells, and at the top are so wide, that two carriages may pass abreast; the height is proportioned to the thickness. The left branch of the Scheldt, called the West Scheldt, contains five islands—Walcheren, South Beveland, North Beveland, Wolfersdyke, and St. Joostland. The East Scheldt contains four islands—Showen, Duyeland, Tolen, and St. Philip's Land.

Walcheren is the most westerly island, about 13 miles from N. to S. and 8 from E. to W. It is separated from North and South Beveland by a narrow channel, and from Dutch Flanders by the mouth of the Scheldt, being surrounded on other sides by the German ocean. The capital of the island, and the whole province, is Middleburg, which is in the centre of the island. The fortifications are strong and regular. They have eight gates and twelve bastions to defend the ramparts, with large ditches filled with water, besides which its situation is such, that the country about it can be laid under water at pleasure. Number of inhabitants, 26,000. Flushing lies at the south side of the island, and is said to be the key of the islands of Zealand. The port lies between two moles that break the waves of the sea, which enters the town by two canals, forming two bastions, so that loaded vessels may sail into the town. Armuyden is a strong sea-port on the east side of the island, one league from Middleburgh, and two from Flushing.

South Beveland is 24 miles long and 7 broad. Its principal town is Goes, which is strongly fortified; it has six gates, that next the water fortified with two bastions, 10 miles from Flushing. The island contains besides several villages.

North Beveland is a small island, being only 6 miles long and 4 broad. N.E. of Walcheren.

Wolfersdyke is still smaller, and lies between the islands of North and South Beveland.

St. Joostland contains only one village, and is separated from Walcheren by a narrow channel.

Schowen is the northernmost of the islands at the mouth of the Scheldt; 14 miles from east to west, and about 5 from north to south. Zeiriczee, the capital, is very ancient, having been built and surrounded with walls in 859; it is large and populous. Browers Haven is a sea-port on the north-side of the island. Bomene is another sea-port, one league E. of the former.

Duyveland is separated from the S.E. part of Schowen by a narrow passage; it is 9 miles long, and 6 broad.

Tolen is separated from the mainland of Brabant by a canal, about 10 miles long and 4 broad. It contains two towns, Tolen and St. Martyn's Dyck, and several villages. Tolen, the capital, is a very strong and handsome town.

St. Philip's Land, a small island, with only one village, and is separated from the east end of Schowen by a narrow channel.

Cadsand is in Dutch Flanders, and the southernmost of the islands at the mouth of the Scheldt. It is preserved, like the others, by lofty dykes, from the inundations of the sea. Cassandria is the chief town.

Goree is a small island near the mouth of the Meuse, 10 miles in circumference, 2 miles N. of Schowen.

Overflakee, an island in the Meuse, of which Sommerdyck is the capital, 2 miles E. of Goree.

Voorn is an island at the union of the Wahl and the Meuse, of which Briel, situated on the N. side, is the capital; it has a good harbour.

Isslemond is an island in the Meuse, opposite Rotterdam.

Bryerland is an island in the Meuse, four leagues west of Dort.

Antwerp is situated in a large plain, about 40 miles S. E. from Flushing, on the east side of the Scheldt, which is here of sufficient depth and width to admit vessels of great burthen close to the quay. The commerce of this city, rather more than two centuries ago, was superior to any other state in Europe, two thousand five hundred merchant vessels arriving in its port in one year. In 1550, the value of the merchandize imported that year amounted to 133 millions. But when the United Provinces threw off the Spanish yoke, having got possession of the entrance of the Scheldt, they sunk obstructions in the channel, to prevent a free navigation. The town is surrounded by a wall and regular fortifications. The navigation on all the river was declared free in August, 1794.

PARADISE

PARADISE GRAKLE.

THE bird called the paradise grakle is a native of India and the Philippine Islands, and is said to be of a very voracious nature. It is particularly fond of locusts and grashoppers; on this head Buffon relates a curious anecdote:

"The island of Bourbon, where these birds were unknown, was over-run with locusts, which had unfortunately been introduced from Madagascar; their eggs having been imported in the soil with some plants which were brought from that island. In consequence of this, Monsieur Deforges Boucher, governor-general of the isle of Bourbon, and Monsieur de Polvre, the intendant, perceiving the desolation which was taking place, deliberated seriously on the means of extirpating the noxious insects; and for that purpose caused to be introduced into this island several pair of the paradise grakle from India. This plan promised to succeed; but unfortunately, some of the colonists, observing the birds eagerly thrusting their bills into the earth of the new-sown fields, imagined that they were in quest of the grain, and reported that the birds, instead of proving beneficial, would, on the contrary, be highly detrimental to the country. The cause was considered in form. On the part of the birds it was argued, that they raked in the new-ploughed grounds not for the sake of the grain, but the insects; and were, therefore, beneficial.

"They were, however, proscribed by the council; and in the space of two hours after the sentence was pronounced against them, not a grakle was to be found in the island. This prompt execution was, however, followed by a speedy repentance; the locusts gained the ascendancy, and the people, who only view the present, regretted the loss of the paradise grakles. Monsieur de Morave, consulting the inclination of the settlers, procured three or four of these birds, eight years after the proscription. They were received with transports of joy. Their preservation and breeding were made a state affair; the laws held out protection to them, and the physicians on their part declared the flesh to be unwholesome. After so many powerful expedients for their welfare, the desired effect was produced; the grakles multiplied, and the locusts were destroyed."

GALILEO.

A Curious observation has been made, that this great man was born the same year in which Michael Angelo died, and himself died in the same year which gave birth to Sir Isaac Newton.

EDUCATION.

IN the fifteenth century, and very probably much earlier, one of the principal modes of education was, the residence of children in the houses of the bishops and nobility, where they were instructed in learning, and occasionally filled up the retinue of their masters. Pace, the friend of Erasmus, and one of the principal restorers of letters in England, imbibed the rudiments of learning in the palace of Langton, bishop of Winchester, and Croke, one of the first restorers of the Greek language, in that of Archbishop Warham. Sir Thomas More, too, was educated as a page with Cardinal Morton, archbishop of Canterbury, about 1490, who was so struck with his genius, that he often said at dinner, "This very ingenious child will one day prove an extraordinary man."

SIR JOHN MOORE's MONUMENT.

THE marquis de Romana has caused a very splendid monument to be erected to the memory of Sir John Moore, in a conspicuous situation, to which the remains of the lamented hero have been removed, from the obscure place where they were deposited in the fortress of Corunna. The following inscription is placed on the monument:—

A la Gloria
Del General Ingles MOORE,
Y sus valiantes Compatriotas,
La Espana Agradecida.

(To the Glory
Of the English General MOORE.
And his valiant Countrymen,
The gratitude of Spain.)

And on the other side:

Memoria del Dia 16 de Enero, 1809.
(Memory of the Action of January 16, 1809.)

A QUESTION, *by G. Spry, of Egg-Buckland.*

THE winch of the handle of a portable machine is four times as long as the radius of the pinion, which has four leaves, and the wheel sixteen teeth; now the pinion that moves the rack has only four leaves; from thence it is required to know what force must be put to the handle to raise a weight of thirty-two hundred, supposing the machine to have no friction.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, of Honiton, to R. S. Paget's Charade, inserted the 3d of July.

BELIEVE me, dear Sir, when I saw your charade,
I from its materials a CARPET soon made.

*** Similar answers have been received from H. B. and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. Kerby, Helston; W. Kent, near Camelford; J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; J. M. Carweth, near Mevagissey; Caroline, of Lion's-gate; S. Tucker, of Bugford; J. French, at Evershot school; T. Kite, of Stockland; a sailmaker, and N. Gribble, of Plymouth; and J. C. jun. of Ottery St. Mary.

Answer, by H. Trenchard, Jun. of Thorncombe, to T. P.'s Rebus, inserted the 10th of July.

YOUR rebus if you transpose right,
A LEMON will appear in sight.

‡‡‡ Similar answers have been received from J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; Caroline, of Lion's Gate; J. Woodman, North Curry; N. Gribble, of Plymouth; and W. Kent, near Camelford.

A CHARADE, *by Un Ami.*

MY first reflections may induce;
My next's another word for "use:"
My whole presents a lively scene,
When nature is enrob'd in green.

A CHARADE, *by S. Duck, of South Petherton.*

INGENIOUS bards, who're fam'd for wit,
A precise name, my first, pray hit;
My next in summer you'll obtain
In yon fair garden, when the train
Of Flora rears its od'rous bloom,
Diffusing sweets and rich perfume;
And ere I think it will appear,
My whole will wither in the air.

A REBUS, *by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.*

PRAY take one third, ye penetrating bards,
Of a well-known and pleasing game at cards;
My toiling next in summer may be seen,
In yonder copse, or on the verdant green;
See how it struggles 'neath the sunny ray,
With care unceasing all the live-long day,
Sufficient food in order to obtain
For its maintenance during winter's reign;
When fierce Bellona mounts her bloody car,
And rides triumphant thro' destructive war,
Then doth my last aloud to battle call,
Where noble warriors oft are doom'd to fall.
The want of light my whole doth oft supply,
When brilliant Phœbus quits the azure sky;
It dissipates the gloomy shades of night,
And lends its aid to guide the traveller right.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Elegy on the Death of Mrs. Ann Tucker, late of Tiverton, Devon, who died on the 8th of August, 1809.

" Thus give each day the merit and renown
Of dying well; tho' doom'd but once to die."
YOUNG.

FRAUGHT with new scenes, while time, with rapid speed,
Pursues its course, uncheck'd by human pow'r,
What hopes and fears alternately succeed,
Imparting grief or joy in each revolving hour.

Hark to yon tolling bell in solemn sway!
How mournful dies the sound upon the gale:
Another saint has wing'd her joyful way
To regions far remote from life's eventful vale.

Fain would my muse relate; in humble verse,
How in the path of rectitude she trod;
And that celestial piety rehearse,
Which ever mark'd her life, and led her soul to God.

Fain would I make her character my theme,
Her good example to mankind display;
Within her heart what virtues dwelt supreme,
Virtues which well deserve a nobler poet's lay.

How vain the efforts of an artless bard,
Her piety and real worth to shew;
In realms above she meets the great reward,
Which far transcends the praise a mortal can bestow.

Tho' to oblivion all must speed their way,
Within the grave a few short years to rest;
Soon will arrive that great and awful day,
When all the just shall rise, in radiant glory drest.

Unite, rejoicing with th' angelic choir,
Extolling HIM who first existence gave;
Who taught the mind to heav'nly joys aspire,
By whose immortal pow'r death triumphs o'er the grave.

Gold-street, Tiverton.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines written on Collipriest, near Tiverton, the Seat of James Hay, Esq.

WHEN fair Aurora, deck'd in ev'ry grace,
Gilds th' horizon with her smiling face;
And bids her parent, Sol, resplendent rise,
And in his golden car ascend the skies;

Where

Where with the bright effulgence of his ray,
He calls all nature forth to hail the day;
Oft, beauteous Collipriest! the muse has stray'd,
Amid thy groves, or on the verdant glade;
Where smiling plenty, with a lib'ral hand,
Has strew'd her choicest blessings o'er the land.

A modern pile its ample head has rear'd,
On which its owner no expence has spar'd;
Adorn'd by skill; with elegance replete;
Sumpt'ous, superb, magnificent, and neat.

Amongst its num'rous walks the thoughtful mind
May objects for its contemplation find:
Here he may rove beneath the tow'ring trees,
Indulge himself with fancied reveries;
Or musing climb the upland's grassy side,
And view below the silv'ry current glide.
The temple there will yield fresh subjects still,
Thus he may bring to view Parnassus' hill;
Strive to obtain the muses' fam'd abode,
And find it too a steep and arduous road;
Or form the place where sylvan nymphs resort,
And elfin fairies hold their festive court.

A boundless prospect opens here to view,
More beauteous far than ever pencil drew;
Vallies and hills diversify the scene,
With murm'ring riv'lets interspers'd between;
Recorded Isca slowly onward flows,
Whilst craggy rocks its limpid course oppose;
And here sweet Twyford's† modest pile is shown,
The fairest town that Devon calls her own.

Oft the poor Gaul,* disconsolate with grief,
Flies to this spot to give his heart relief;
And while his devious footsteps heedless roam,
Spends many an anxious thought on friends at home;
Or with his knife he etches on some tree
The painful period of his misery;
When the big tears down from his eyelids roll,
And comfort yields to his afflicted soul;
'Till sable night throws o'er her mantling shade,
Or the pale moon affords her feeble aid,
When to his fav'rite walk he bids farewell,
Call'd by the ringing of the evening bell.

Nor is this place to solitude confin'd,
And form'd alone to please a troubled mind;
Here Twyford's nymphs, for beauty justly prais'd,
The intrinsic value of its walks have rais'd;
The glowing charms which smile on ev'ry face,
Transcend e'en those of this delightful place.

The warbling songsters echo thro' the grove,
And tune their notes of gratitude and love;
Welcome the morning with their joyous lays,
Or in the evening chaunt an hymn of praise;
Can these, Oh Collipriest! fail to inspire
A poet's thought, or wake the muse's lyre?
If ought on earth, to which the term applies,
It may be justly deem'd a paradise.
Such is the spot I've labour'd to pourtray,
Where Heav'n has fix'd the residence of HAY.

1809. HENRY ELLIS.

† The ancient name of Tiverton.

* Tiverton is a parole town for French officers, who often visit Collipriest.